

The Evening World.

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THE VOTE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE first time woman suffrage has tried conclusions at the polls with the well-oiled political machinery of an Eastern State woman suffrage has lost.

That much can be said of yesterday's results in New Jersey, and no more. Sixty thousand majority is a defeat, but not a rout. It has given the suffragists a measure of the forces against them in the East; it has shown them the redoubtable methods of party organization strengthened by long practice; it will teach them to fight with greater shrewdness and closer to the ground.

The suffrage movement has too much momentum to be halted by a first defeat in any State. It will not wait five years to assert itself again in New Jersey, as the Legislature of that State will realize next spring.

The suffragists of New York have fought a shrewder campaign than did the suffragists of New Jersey. Better judgment in this State will have its effect upon the vote a week from next Tuesday.

New Jersey's election has not escaped charges of fraud through unnumbered ballots and a faulty election law. New York should see to it that its vote next month is as fair as watchfulness and clean methods can make it. Woman suffrage fights an open, honest fight. It deserves a square deal from the Empire State.

The Portuguese version of an old proverb runs: Hell is paved with good intentions and roofed with lost opportunities. It should become a Mexican motto.

TROUBLED ENGLAND.

SMALL wonder if the British public forgets it was ever phlegmatic.

The affairs of the United Kingdom abroad are disturbing enough. The Prime Minister's illness and possible breakdown, following close upon the withdrawal of the Attorney General, Sir Edward Carson, from the Cabinet, is matter for more doubt and uneasiness at home. The recall of Sir Ian Hamilton from the chief command at the Dardanelles may be taken as reflecting the growing popular demand for bigger results afield.

We wonder if any Government in England can hang on through crises of this sort unless it takes the public further into its confidence. The more censors try to suppress bad news, the harder Cabinets try to cover up mistakes, the more rumor and suspicion alarm and irritate the country. Give the public big victories to celebrate and it will let Ministers shut themselves up in secret councils. But if there are no results or only discouraging ones at the front, the popular mind restlessly turns upon authority at home to find out, if it can, where the weakness lies.

That is why there is even the threat of a general election—to start cross-currents of bitterness and party strife.

Wars cannot be conducted from the market place. But if the British Government were to relax the censorship enough to convince the public that at least it is not being systematically deceived, Ministers might find their burdens lighter.

The Board of Health believes the recent State census overlooked 600,000 persons in this city. Recalling the slipshod methods of some of the census takers in Manhattan, and the fact that they began work after the summer exodus, are we to regard their figures as "official" in any sense save as they represent the dutiful efforts of Republican enumerators to cut down the number of Democratic legislators from this borough?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The fellow who gets a little better each day is never worried over the problem of "coming back."—Nashville Banner.

Persons who boast that they say what they think are the kind that take pride in brutality.—Nashville Banner.

A woman never sees any good in having a secret if nobody is to know about it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

It is not always the man who makes the most money who is best off at the end of the year.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The world is full of people who will tell you that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.—Toledo Blade.

To win the respect of the people a

Letters From the People

B. R. T. Gives Cars a Free Ride.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How is this for a piece of exquisite stupidity in railroad management as practiced by the B. R. T.? Two empty cars, sealed and guarded, are run on the Culver line every morning about 9 o'clock as far as Thirty-sixth Street. All day long from Parkville station two other cars are patronized by folks who do business in Manhattan. The same folks do acrobatic stunts while hanging suspended from leather straps. Men and women are crowded into the aisles. Yet the two rear cars are as vacant as an inflated balloon. After all, they are finally cut off at Thirty-sixth Street. What do you think of that for rare appreciation of the comfort of the people who by their contributions make it possible for the B. R. T. to pay dividends? Can you find in all this broad land a better example of superb stupidity? One advertisement would relieve the offensive congestion and send the Culver liners to business in some sort of good humor. Maybe, after all, that would be expecting too much of management which so persistently and conclusively proves its utter ignorance of the first principles of business. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. H. LAMAR.

The Apple Problem.

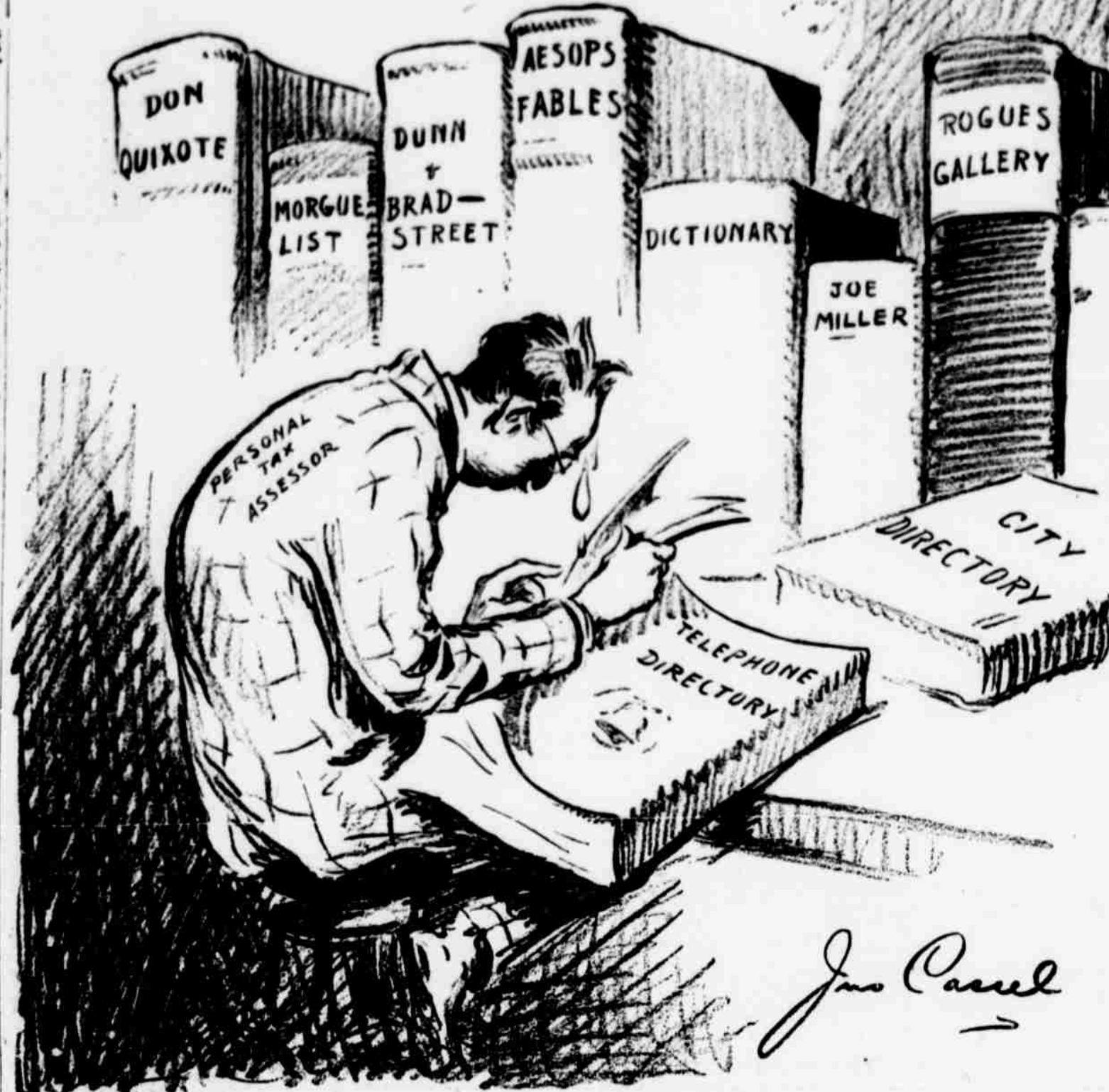
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to the apple problem (about selling 60 apples at 5 for 20, total received 24c, and dividing 60 apples into two parts, selling 30 apples at 3 for 1 cent and selling 30 apples at 2 for 1 cent, total received 25 cents): My solution is—When you divide your apples into equal parts, 30 in each part, which would clear both parts at the same time. In order to divide the 60 apples so as to sell them at 3 for 1 cent and 2 for 1 cent and receive 24 cents cash, they should be divided into two parts as follows: 34 apples at 3 for 1 cent equal 12 cents; 26 apples at 2 for 1 cent equal 12 cents; total 24 cents, which would clear both parts at the same time.
THOMAS E. WALSH.

As to Luck.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A claim that there is no such thing as luck. It claims that there is. What do readers say? Arguments citing examples pro and con might be interesting.
I H.

Purdy Tells How It Was Done

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Mr. JARR searched his pocket. In an abstracted manner. Whatever he was searching for had also been abstracted. "Did you take anything out from my pockets last night or this morning?" he asked. "The idea!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Perhaps you'll be saying next that I drugged you with a poisoned needle or something of that sort and took your watch."

"My old ticker is all right, clucking away in its accustomed pouch," replied Mr. Jarr calmly, "but I'm five dollars out."

"I don't wonder!" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "The careless way you have of lying on the sofa or throwing your clothes around when you undress is that your keys and everything else fall out of your pocket. It keeps me busy picking up after you."

"Well, you needn't be so busy," said old Mr. Jarr. "Keep His Temper, and if you picked up five fish of mine, please slip them back to me."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself accusing me of taking money from you!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "I wouldn't mind it so much if this were the first time!"

"Nor I," said Mr. Jarr. "But I tell you I didn't find it or I didn't take it!" Mrs. Jarr persisted. "You are always saying you lose your money around the house. How would you like it if I were to accuse you of wasting it and then claiming you lost it and that I found it or took it?"

"I wasn't anywhere to waste it and I know I had it," he ventured finally. "But if it's gone and you say you lost it, didn't take it or find it, why, there's no use feeling badly about it. I work hard for my money and don't get hard for my strenuous efforts, but easy come, easy go, as the saying is, he added with beautiful inconsistency."

"Now that you are acting and speaking more sensibly, tell me where you had the money lost?"

"I had it when I came home last evening," was the reply. "I put it in my top pocket right here, as I was going to lie down on the sofa and was afraid it might slip from another pocket, right here!"

"Will you wager it was in that top pocket when you lay on the sofa?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll bet anything it was," he replied fervently.

"Will you bet \$5?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Sure!" said Mr. Jarr. "So now give me five dollars."

"Not so fast," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you remember I made you

Mr. Jarr Loses, Finds and Loses Five Dollars. Puzzle: Who Wins?

"Well," cried Mrs. Jarr triumphantly, "you left the five dollars in the top pocket of the other suit. I found it there, but didn't touch it. Now you have lost it to me!"

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Jarr philosophically, "but you'll have to lend it to me for spending money this week."

"What's the use of people who

haven't anything trying to get something from each other?" sighed Mrs. Jarr.

"Ma took in the situation rapidly."

"I ALWAYS try to avoid crossing on trips that necessitate crossing a ferry," Ma told Mrs. Green, in the tonneau. "I always have a feeling that something's going to happen."

"Nonsense!" commented Pop. "You're too imaginative—you feel that way on every kind of a vehicle."

Oh, for goodness' sake knock wood, Milton! Oh, dear, we're right in the middle of the boat—it's all dark and stuffy and we won't get a bit of air. Let's get out and stand in front."

"You people go," said Pop, "somebody's gotta stay in the car. You don't want your things stolen, do you?"

"I'll stay and keep you company, Mr. Mitt," gushed Mrs. Green.

Ma took in the situation rapidly. "I don't think I care about standing, anyway," said Ma. "We'll all stay."

There was a clanking of chains on the iron wheels, a shrill whistle and a grinding whirr, as the boat moved out of the slip. Suddenly a good-natured, unattractively flushed face topped by a ragged cap appeared alongside.

"Gimme a light, boss?" it asked. Pop produced matches. The figure swayed on toward the front of the boat.

"When a souse is good-natured," explained Pop, "jolly him along. If you don't, he'll get nasty and show fight. I know how to handle 'em all right. Just leave it to me."

Two minutes later the same face, round and rosy as the setting sun, appeared in the offering. It came alongside and leaned confidentially toward Pop.

"Hullo, Daddy!" said Pop, convulsively.

"Hullo, kid!" patronized the other. Ma gasped. The fellow got up on the step and placed an affectionate arm across Pop's shoulders. Mrs. Green, from the seat beside Pop, bade Ma, in sign language, to contain her feelings—and winked. There was a whispered exchange of confidence between Pop and the man.

"You see how I managed him?" said Pop. "All he wanted was a dime for another drink. Now, if I'd been short with him, he'd have started a scene and what chance would I have with that big husky? Look at him running off the boat to get to the saloon more quickly. Poor old fool!"

"See what time it is, Milton," said Ma. "Then we can figure on what time we'll get there."

Pop reached for his watch. Blankly he clapped his hands over each pocket in turn, then felt his cravat.

"They're gone! They're all gone! My watch—my pin—my wallet! Pop's voice broke pathetically. "I'll bet that guy wasn't drunk at all!"

"See," said Mrs. Green—the Little Comforter—"you said you felt as though something was going to happen when we got on the boat, Mrs. Mitt? Woman's intuition!"

"I'm so glad we stayed in the car so that nothing would be stolen," remarked Ma, sweetly.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl By Helen Rowland

SOME women have souls that are as fragrant and seductive as nymphettes; others are like dabbles, brilliant and glowing enough, but easily forgotten, except when you are looking at them.

Why is it that, no matter how much a man thinks of one woman, he can't help thinking of a lot of others at the same time?

Love is neither a graft nor a gift. If you stop paying your gas bills your meter will be turned off, and if you stop paying the price of love the love-light will be turned off.

It always makes a man's head ache worse on the morning after, when he can't get his wife or his conscience to agree that it was what he ATE, that disagreed with him.

The difference between the old-fashioned girl and the modern girl is merely the difference between a plaything and a playmate. And who wouldn't exchange a woolly lamb for a live pal?

Of course one yearns to be loved "for one's self alone;" but somehow the man who talks about the beauty of one's character seems awfully tame and stupid beside the man who babbles about the beauty of one's eyes.

To find out what a girl's fur coat you will merely have to split the difference between what she told the fur-storage department and what she is planning to tell the personality tax assessor this season.

No matter how much a married man may plead the "soul-mate" excuse, it is the height of vanity to imagine that you understand him better than the woman who succeeded in marrying him—against his will, his "won't," and his better judgment.

When a girl accuses a man of being a dangerous flirt it is not time for him to vindicate himself, but time to make good.

\$5 FOR YOUR LOVE STORY!

Do you know any good love stories? Not imaginary love stories, but true ones? Your own love story or some friend's? If so, you can sell it. The Evening World will print True Love Stories sent in by readers and will pay \$5 for every one published. The conditions are simple. They are: The story must be told in 250 words or less. It must be true in every detail. It must be written or typed on only one side of the paper. Tell the story simply. Don't aim at so-called "fine writing." Full name and address must accompany each manuscript. Address "True Love Story Editor, Evening World, New York City." The Evening World will not return unused stories.

20 Reasons Why You Should Vote for Woman Suffrage

THE Evening World is printing a series of twenty editorials written by the most prominent woman suffragists giving twenty most appealing reasons for woman suffrage. An editorial will appear in each issue up to Election Day, each editorial emphasizing one particular argument.

Reason 8—BECAUSE WOMAN'S PRESENT POLITICAL STATUS IS ANOMALOUS.

By Ruth Hanna McCormick.

I BELIEVE that one reason why the women in the thirty-six non-Suffrage States should be enfranchised is that women have full suffrage in eleven States of the Union, and the Presidential and municipal suffrage in Illinois. That is, 3,665,445 women already have the right to vote. But if any one of these women gets up and crosses an imaginary line which separates her State from a non-Suffrage State she immediately becomes disfranchised.

Now, why should women in twelve States help to elect the President of the United States, for instance, and the women in thirty-six other States have no voice in his election? If we wish to be consistent we must do one of two things—enfranchise all the women in all the States or disfranchise all the women in all the States. If the Anti-Suffragists are sincere in believing that votes for women is the disaster which they say it is, they could do no greater service to humanity than to go right out West and fight the thing on its own grounds. But the trouble is the Antis don't do it, and in no one of the twelve Suffrage States has there ever been a strong, concerted movement to deprive women of the franchise.

And so the United States presents the strange anomaly of part of its women enfranchised and part not. The only logical thing to do, since no one will start a movement to take the ballot away from the women in the Equal Suffrage States, is for the East to follow the example of the West and enfranchise its women.

Arguments Against Suffrage By the Opposition Leaders

Reason 3—BECAUSE WOMAN SUFFRAGE HAS NOT SHOWN THAT IT WILL BENEFIT THE STATE.

By Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge.

IF woman suffrage is to benefit the State, it must be shown beyond doubt how it has done so in the places where it has been in effect for a generation or more; if it is simply to add a new freedom, or dignity, or benefit to women, it must be demonstrated that the women with the vote have attained superior laws and conditions to those that are accorded to them without the ballot. Otherwise, on the one score of not being worth while, we have sufficient reason to reject woman suffrage. Woman suffragists are proposing a doubled electorate, to support which an increase in the State budget is necessary. Therefore, the burden of proof rests solidly on the suffragists to show how the doubled electorate can or has become a better instrument of government for the people.

In this connection it is interesting to note that not a single law, not one improvement, is or can be claimed as the exclusive result of the votes of women. The male suffrage States lead. In mothers' pensions, child labor, limitation of hours for working women, maternity acts, supervision of dairies, pure food, weights and measures, extension of educational facilities, improved sanitation, &c., the great Eastern States have worked out their social problems without woman suffrage to a higher standard than that reached by the States where women vote. On the other hand, a great increase in taxation, a multiplicity of useless laws and a practical doubling of public office holding without any compensating gain for the citizens is the accompaniment of "votes for women."

The Woman Who Dared A Married Life Series of Utmost Interest By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER V.
MY father had made some unfortunate investments, so that after he died even the house where we had always lived was sold to meet his obligations. I hadn't a relative in the world that I cared for, nor a penny I could call my own. I was utterly dependent on my husband, and he never allowed me any money, and refused to give me a bank account. He allowed me charge accounts, and carefully went over every item before paying them. It was not that he was stingy, but that he wanted to know where every penny I handled went. Up to this time I had not been actually unhappy, although often lonely and miserable. I had considerable police for one so young and often controlled emotions that would have offended Haskill. But at times I tried in a futile way to adjust circumstances over which, in view of what had been in the past, I might have known I could not possibly have control. But I was young, romantic, and my own ideal of a married life—should be. When I waked up from my dream to find that I was tied to a man who regarded me simply as his property, the same as his dog or his horse; or on occasion as a household ornament, I was, for a time, crushed. It was not my nature to be quiescent under conditions seemingly beyond my power to transform. I rebelled against the conditions that made such a marriage possible. In my own mind I drifted into a semi-confidential chat. "Everything on which I set my heart either eludes or leaves me. I am constantly yearning for something which I can never hope to attain."

"I might as well spell them so as in any other way," I replied. Unknown to my husband I had procured a teacher in French and German. I had disposed of some jewelry I had before we were married to pay him. I did not tell Haskill for two reasons. One that I was sure he would forbid my having him. The other, fear of his derision. Frankly, I had no thought that his being a man would make any difference. To me he was merely a hired servant; hired to teach me.

(To Be Continued.)